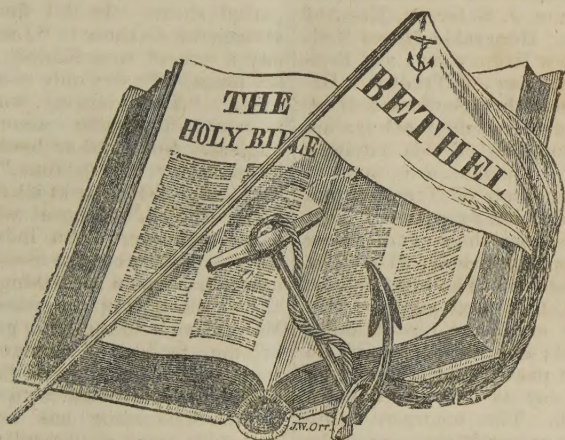


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Inland Waters.

INTERESTING REPORT

Of the Missionary on the Delaware and Raritan Canal.

The missionary for this canal has, he trusts, through God's good providence, many matters to report which will be encouraging. The Almighty has seemed to smile on our efforts to promote his cause and glory in this region. Your missionary would not indeed intimate that he has met with no discouragements during the period of his labor. He does not desire to be understood as having left his field in its highest state of cultivation. This however he would say; that most of the obstacles in his

way he has been able to surmount or remove, and that his district now is in a more promising condition for future good than it has been at any previous time.

I.—SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

This results partly from the increasing attention paid by all classes of persons along this line to the subject of an observance, or non-observance, of the Sabbath. The non-observance of the Sabbath is the *grand obstacle* in the way of every moral effort on the Delaware and Raritan Canal. Hitherto the company's "locks" have been opened as frequently on the Sabbath as on the other days of the week; and it is thought that

up to the last season, the practice caused no compunction. In consequence however of a *good public opinion* agitated in reference to this subject, the Board of Directors have taken it into serious consideration, and have been on the very eve of resolving to keep their locks closed on the Lord's Day. I have had personal interviews on this subject with several members of the Board, who have all evinced the greatest desire to do all in their power to abolish a practice which they see to be so prejudicial to the moral interests of their fellow men. I am happy to say that among those most interested are Commodore R. F. Stockton, J. S. Green, Esq., of Princeton; Honorable Moses Neilson, of New Brunswick; and Benjamin Fisk, Esq., of Trenton. Besides these, other gentlemen of influence have lent their aid against the continuance of this vitiating practice. Thanks are due to Mayor Hamilton of Trenton, and to Reverend Dr. Janeway of New Brunswick, for their countenance and aid on this behalf; as well as to many others. The hope now is, generally, that next summer will be a new era in the navigation of this canal; that the locks will no longer be passed and repassed on the first day as on other days of the week. The boatmen themselves are earnestly desirous of the change. Many are obliged against their feelings and religious convictions, to desecrate the time of that day which was granted them for more sacred purposes.

It is believed too that they are *prepared now* to have and rightly use such a rest as the religious observance of the Sabbath would afford them.

One other encouraging feature in this connection is the improved state of feeling of those living immediately in the neighborhood of the canal in reference to the sanctity of the Sabbath. Visiting the canal for dissipation or curiosity was very frequent. Such wickedness I have always strictly and strongly reprimanded. The suc-

cess of this species of effort has been astonishing to myself. The first few Sabbaths I spent at Bordentown, I was pained to see the crowds of anglers and other idlers along the locks and banks of the canal. I soon found such example and behavior pernicious to my labors among the watermen. It would not do, therefore, to let the landmen go unproved; so in the strength of God I assailed them. I used against them arguments and expostulation, kind words and the terms of the law, human and divine, as the cases needed. God used each in its proper place, as the records of my journal for this period show. In it I find such statements as these: "Last Sunday a crowd was fishing around the locks. To day only two young men." "This morning, witnessed a great diminution among the anglers. Not a rod or hook could be seen for a long time." Next Sunday, "no fishing at all, till near three o'clock." Those who did come then were soon induced to leave. And before the close of my mission, it was a rare thing to see any at all, during the whole day. Many have told me with gratitude of the wonderful change in respect of the quietude of the Sabbath *now*, contrasted with former times. The same has been the case with small shops and the like about the canal. My efforts with these have been either to induce their owners to close them entirely, or to use them solely as necessity has demanded, and as secretly as possible. (The constant arrival of boats, &c., seems to make necessary the opening of some stores for provision, &c. This is a consequence of other violations of the Sabbath.) I deem that in this respect my labor has been amply rewarded. I should almost feel satisfied with this, if I had accomplished nothing else all the season.

II.—BOATMEN'S CHAPEL.

But another point gained worthy of attention is the *appropriation* of a Chapel at Bordentown for the

special use of the Boatmen. This has been chiefly through the kindness and generosity of Capt. Raymond, harbor-master at Bordentown. This gentleman has efficiently co-operated with the missionary in every effort to advance the moral welfare of the boatmen, and has rendered the Bethel Society and the friends of truth deeply indebted to him. I wish it were in my power to make a public testimonial of his services. "For he is worthy for whom he should do this; for he loveth our nation and hath built us a Synagogue." I think that worshipping in a house solemnizes devotion, makes it seem more real, softens the manners and improves the habits of men. Often in viewing this little monument, this humble Ebenezer, I have been compelled to look up and thank God for such a token of good, and have been led to lean on him in *confident hope* of a still better future. This day of small things is the seed of something larger. Many a delightful hour of solemn worship have I had there with a little band of attentive hearers, looking eagerly and tenderly, as the great subjects of God's word were presented to them. It has indeed frequently proved a blessing to many of God's wayfaring children. There the boatman's family, his wife and little ones, could be accommodated in comfort by his own side, to hear the same words of everlasting life. Often has the missionary found that in this way his hearers have received unexpected pleasure and consolation in his new though lowly temple. It has proved a place of sweet rest, contrasted with the profane activity of the former part of the day; a seat of mercy to which we could repair, and pray God to avert from the desecrators of his day due and deserved wrath, and to hasten those times when a larger house than this should be thronged with ready and devout worshippers. I have reason to believe, that here some souls in days to come will look back for their first impressions toward con-

version. I have grounds for believing that some also who came here "to scoff," returned "to pray." I have met my Sunday auditors afterwards on the towpath, and have found them still ruminating on the Sabbath discourse. Is not such the work of the Spirit? Again, those who come once always come again, when in the place. They grow fond of worship. Boatmen need but the proper opportunities and influences to make them like other men.

III.—SYMPATHY EXPRESSED.

Another encouraging feature in this field of labor, is the general sympathy spreading on behalf of the boatmen among the population along the canal. There is a universal feeling sprung up for them in consequence of a sounder or more correct knowledge of their situation. I have had the pleasure of making known to many who were before ignorant of them, the object of the Bethel Society, and the condition of the subjects of that branch of her operations compassed by myself. In consequence of this I have had freely given me tracts, books, religious journals, and other elevating and improving reading for the use of the men. The Society too is particularly indebted to the preceptress of a select school for a special kindness of this sort. She presented the case of the little boys and girls along the canal to the pupils, and obtained from them a subscription and collection to provide for the little destitutes suitable books for their improvement. These books were generally of the American Sunday-school Union's publishing, and have been an incalculable aid to the missionary, and I trust of infinite value to the poor youth on whom they were bestowed. Could not many other schools do the same? Presents coming in such a way have great influence on the recipients of them.

Under this head too I ought to mention the kindness of Commodore Stockton for sympathy for

myself and on behalf of the men on the canal, and of course for the Society by whom I was employed. To aid the missionary in his work he most willingly and generously granted a free ticket between New Brunswick and Bordentown till the close of the navigation. He also proffered his personal influence in any circumstances when it could be of avail, bade me God speed, saying, "You are engaged in a glorious cause, Sir."

IV.—A REMEDY APPLIED.

Unhappily there is frequent altercation between the tenders of the locks and bridges and the boatmen. This I early learned, and learned, too, to deplore. It, I saw, must be the occasion of much mischief, destructive of much good. Could it be remedied? I endeavored to afford a remedy. I therefore made it a duty to visit every house so occupied, and left a religious and moral leaven there, which, under the Divine influence, has been most beneficial and gratifying. The improvement in the families themselves has been most manifest. In some cases I trust a deep religious impression has been made. One young man at least whom I found sick with fever and ague, was I hope led at last to the physician of souls by the writer's instrumentality—was led to believe he had found a spiritual cure. Another family were so impressed with religious conversation, &c., appeals against sabbath breaking, and so on, that they have determined to abandon in the spring a calling which so offends God—endangers their own souls and those of their children. The more specific effect however to which I would direct attention is, their modified and subdued behavior toward the boatmen. No words of strife of any moment, have taken place since I adopted the course stated. Even in cases of reviling and abuse, the abused have reviled not again. It is easy to see the moral effect that this must have on the boatmen, and

instances of this effect I have more than once had related to me.

V.—REAL IMPROVEMENT.

There is great improvement among the boatmen themselves. This is real, notwithstanding the many counter influences they must experience. This can be stated for fact from *comparisons of their present and former states* made by overseers and captains, and others who have been before connected with the canal, or are now employed on it. This improvement is mainly attributable to the labor of the missionaries of the Bethel Society. One day I walked several miles along the towpath with a former captain. After distributing several tracts, speaking with boys, &c., says the old gentleman, "I never saw the beat how these folks take tracts of you. Why I remember when they would'n't touch one, but would return curses to him who would offer them. But I have watched, and not a single soul has refused a tract of you." Indeed a tract has become a thing of power and value. They are not only received, but in many instances sought after, and that earnestly. "Has he got any more of those tracts?" "give us more than one, let's have five or six, we like them, they are first rate!" are frequent marks of the appreciation of your labors in this department. The appearance of the "tract man" after he is known, was always a pleasure to the men. The welcomes he has received have many a time conveyed more joy to his heart than the greetings of friends or acquaintance. When one goes among a class of men who have been represented as too callous for friendship, or too barbarous for civility, and finds them freely and easily to manifest both, it makes him feel that he is engaged in a good and humanizing work. It is true, their politeness is of its own kind, rough and ready, but it is nevertheless real, and should be cultivated. The canal missionary does culti-

vate it. He speaks kind words and he acts kind acts. He shows disinterestedness. He speaks of their mode of life, of its hardships, temptations and disadvantages. He asks of absent friends and relations—the wife and the children of him who is now far from them, seeking for them a subsistence. He finds a vivid and warm recollection, then, of the fireside and of domestic joys, and this softens the hardy man. Then is the time to speak of a reunion of families, and a heavenly rest, and of a Saviour through whom to reach heaven. Then a portion of God's word is read, welcome and consoling; the man and the missionary kneel together and pray, ask forgiveness and acceptance—for protection of self, and those dear ones absent, for the grace and mercy of meeting above, if it be denied to meet again on earth. Then they rise, and the softened heart speaks through flooded eyes and in a solemn countenance: and when the missionary leaves, the close grasp of the hand shows that his meeting was not a vain one, or soon to be forgotten.

Frequently you meet men in trouble, and are able to pour consoling balm upon the wounded heart. Sometimes (often) I have met the sick upon his couch, and his untoward circumstances have done much to alleviate his situation. Besides, devotion under such circumstances makes a deeper impression upon those who then participate in it. I have seen a hardy captain announce to me in all the bitterness of grief, "Oh! I have lost a dear wife since I last saw you."

But, hard fate! such had not time even to stop to mourn.—They have paid a short visit to their home, expecting the usual welcome of love, but found the loved one sleeping in the grave, not again to be embraced till the resurrection. The bereaved one turns again to his labor without comfort or sympathy from any but the missionary of the Bethel

Society, who is then sure to find his words are not in vain.

I shall never forget the case of a woman whom I found stretched on a mattress upon the deck of a boat, shaded by an umbrella, prostrated, lean, and worn by sickness, with no attendants but her husband and his hired man, who of course were too busy to be attentive. They had no Bible aboard, and the sick woman was more anxious for spiritual medicine, than medicine for the body. It was in my power to supply the wished for relief. Never shall the memory of that interview escape me. The anxiety to learn, the effort to find God or cast the soul upon his grace, the look of joy at the mention of a free Saviour's name, the satisfaction with God's way of pardon, the voice of thanks, and the look of gratitude that followed me as far as the eye could, made an impression on me too deep ever to be erased. I never afterwards could meet the sufferer, but I trust one day to meet her in heaven.

I think the number of religious professors is increasing. The notion, though still too prevalent, that a man cannot be *good* and be a boatman, is fading away. I have representatives of all Christian sects. To these I was always welcome; and I hope, that I was often able to administer to them strength and consolation. I was their only pastor. Some hold fast to their profession with a spiritual tenacity truly commendable, yet it must be confessed that others yield too much to the ways of the world around them. It is not to be wondered at, considering their condition. Going day and night through all weathers, without sabbaths, (or almost so) among few friends, no spiritual guide or overseer, excepting a single missionary to about 600 boats, the wonder is that they are as good as they are, even with the efforts of the missionary.

One evening at Princeton I met a man, who had of me a Bible and some tracts, and with whom I had

a serious conversation. About four weeks after, I met the same man again there, under deep conviction of sin, and agony of mind. We prayed in his cabin, with his men, with great solemnity of feeling, and I hope with God's blessing. I indulged the hope that this man would find or had found Christ. I have not room for particulars, which are very interesting. So I could state many cases of religious impressions which cannot, I think, fail of spiritual good; yet we cannot know their results till the books of God are opened.

Another encouraging item here is, the almost entire disuse of spirituous liquor. I did not see six drunken persons during all my mission. It is in such disrepute, and condemnation by the company, that few dare to use it, and still fewer to show a use of it to excess.

VI.—THE DRIVER BOYS AND “PLEASANTEST” SEASON.

Many of these are mere lads. Some are old or disabled men, too infirm for hard labor. Many of the lads are widow's sons. Necessity sends them here for their wages to aid in the support of younger brothers and sisters. Others are without a relative living; some, runaways escaped from regular employment to revel in their own licentiousness. A few come for good purposes and good intentions, looking to the salary for future use. It is easy to see what vice must be congregated in this way, and to how many incentives to sin the few virtuous ones must be exposed. To these the ugly countenance of sin soon becomes familiar, and gradually loses its frightfulness by frequent contact. Therefore I always sought for such as soon as they come on the towpath. I pointed out their danger and the way of escape. By so doing, I have been instrumental in preserving some, and of reclaiming others when they fell; but some would confide more in themselves than in my word, till their own experience taught them better.

There have been boys who found virtue so difficult here, that they left to avoid ruin. But they have carried with them the indelible remembrance of the missionary who aroused their conscience to action. One lad I was particularly struck with as soon as I saw him. He was a “pet” among the others. He was active, goodnatured, and sometimes inconveniently droll. The first Sabbath I saw him, he with many others promised to come to preaching. He was true to his word, though at first the only one there. Ever afterwards he was serious in his intercourse with me; quit swearing, always attended chapel when he could, and became apparently an altered lad. One day at a station I found him alone, when he gave me a history of his life. He was from New Orleans, his parents, once well off, were now both dead. His father came to New York on business and brought John with him. During the journey he fell into the fireroom of the steamboat with a pile of wood, and broke several of his bones, which had stunted his growth. He showed me the scars. His father died in New York, his mother came there to settle business and also died from fatigue and grief. John was nobly employed on the canal aiding an aunt in the support of his younger brothers and sisters. That morning he had shown another proof of his generosity in giving to another lad the best of two caps, because the other was then too poor to get a new one. I had a very serious interview with him. He felt that at the 4th of July he should get employment in New York, as he expected then to go there to see his brothers and sisters. He could then attend means of grace, and would less injure his conscience. He did so, and I have not seen him since. His story has all been confirmed to me by an acquaintance, by whom I have heard that John is doing well. He had had a religious bringing up, hence my influence with him. “Train up,” &c. The

seeds were there, hence their easy cultivation.

There were two brothers on the canal, of very good parentage. Their father was dead, and they were working to support the rest of the family. The elder was very exemplary. He manifested admirable resignation once, when kicked badly in the forehead by a mule. Also under most brutal treatment from a captain, I, unobserved to him, witnessed a meekness and patience worthy of any one. His younger brother through evil influence once sauced me. He always after seemed sorry for it, though said nothing: nor did I to him, using towards him all kindness. But one day finding him in distress, and helping him out as well as defending him from assault, he gave me many thanks; and I then alluded to his ill behavior in contrast. This overcame him. He burst into tears and asked forgiveness; which of course was readily granted. Ever after he was well behaved to all. I have reason to suppose that my influence kept him from a moral ruin. Through these lads, too, I got into the family much good reading, besides a Testament, and withal a good opinion of some Protestants. This was or is valuable, as the mother is a Papist. She often used to send me thanks for my kindness to the sons. I have seen several also who were here working to maintain mothers, who had been ill treated and turned out of doors by their husbands. Besides such cases, much has been accomplished in abolishing the vice of swearing. To many I have given a Testament, or book as above mentioned. As far as I could ascertain all such have been properly bestowed. One little fellow is specially vivid to me. I promised him a Testament if he used no bad words till I again saw him. His trips were a good while apart, and I seldom saw him. One day, however, as I walked the path with another driver, I spied a lad gazing with great intensity at me, and as

I drew near him, his face was filled with smiles. I did not recognize him on the instant. But after a few words he asked me, "Where's the Bible you promised me?" "What Bible," I asked. "The one you promised me if I'd quit swearing," recalling the time and place to my mind. I ascertained from the captain that he had been faithful to his promise, and had otherwise been good enough to get another reward book of the captain. This he had read, and could remember the contents. I gave him the Testament, which he received with sincere joy. I suggested to him that he was still to refrain from profanity, but he said he could do without it now, and did not desire to use it. Many have, at least partially, restrained from profanity by saying "Commandments" instead of an oath. I suggested this word, to remind them of what forbad the practice. I know it had good effect.

The elder drivers too have been very accessible. Often at meeting them it would be with some hearty greeting. "We are very glad to see you. Were it not for you we should have no kindness the summer. You are the only man who cares for us." Often have I soothed them when irritated or oppressed by tyrannical overseers, rude companions, or unfeeling captains. I found, too, men of good education and genteel descent, more refined and intelligent than some of their masters. One, a young Irishman, was familiar with the Latin and Greek tongues, and well read in general literature. He had been proposed for an Irish University. He was fast decaying in virtue and self respect when I first found him; but I saw a great improvement before I left him. His taste and acquaintance with polite learning made his society very entertaining to me. I was always glad to meet him. Yet he was beaten by an overseer with a currying comb, for some alleged offence, and left. He was a Romanist, but read whatever I gave him.

He also gained great influence with the others and read to them at my suggestion; which they were quite pleased with. He thought much, and often I hope seriously.

Many copies of the Ten Commandments have been circulated and committed—where they were never heard of, sometimes. For this there was the reward of a little book. The effect of them has been great. They afforded opportunity for much instruction. Many *Papist boys*, too, learned them for the book. One, in going about three miles committed the whole (Protestant) decalogue! He had some years before learned the Romish. Many Papists have been induced to read Protestant works, after they once knew me. They have taken tracts in spite of the rebukes of friends and reproaches of their wives. Though from a few Papists I have received more abuse, than from all the other sinners on the canal. Or in the early part of the season, when once acquainted with me, they grew civil. A large opportunity of good, too, has been the great number of *raftsmen* who pass through this canal from the interior of Pennsylvania, &c.

It is certain that the whole moral condition of those on this canal is growing better. Residents along the canal, and others acquainted, testify to the improvement of the boatmen, while these have repeatedly assured me that the drivers had never been so good, attentive and civil, as the last summer. It has always been my endeavor to point out to each his duty, enforcing it on the authority of God. The effect has been plainly visible to myself, and therefore I speak with confidence.

On the whole, this has been the hardest yet *pleasantest* season I ever spent in labor. I have experienced weariness, heat, wet, hunger and thirst, but when I consider what I have accomplished, all these are unimportant. I have visited the sick—defended the

weak—reproved the vicious—checked profanity—quelled anger and passion—prevented fights, &c.—saved the cutting of towlines, and so saved property and preserved peace—have recalled the backslider—supported the forlorn and dejected believer—kept others from despairing—distributed the word of God—led the soul sensible of its ruined condition to Jesus Christ—furthered the cause of the Bethel Society—and so I hope have honored God. I regret I have done no more and done no better. May the Lord accept and fructify what is done; and to him be the glory forever:—Amen!

Very respectfully, &c.,

T. H. NEWTON.

Honolulu Chaplaincy.—Interesting Journal.

BY REV. S. C. DAMON, CHAPLAIN.

Honolulu, July 17th, 1848.

(Concluded.)

V.—THE BIBLE CAUSE.

The sale and gratuitous distribution of the bible, forms an encouraging feature in the moral aspect of affairs in this quarter of the world. The American Bible Society make me, as Seamen's Chaplain, annual grants of bibles and testaments in various languages, but I prefer to transact the business as an officer of the Hawaiian Bible Society, auxiliary to the American Bible Society. This arrangement renders the business more systematic. We have just held a biennial meeting of our Society. From the Treasurer's report, it appears that \$308.09 has been received for bibles and testaments. This amount I received for bibles and testaments; I keep a bible depository at my study. After paying the entire expenses of the Society, we have a balance in our treasury of \$500. This amount will nearly, if not quite, reimburse the American Bible Society for their grants to this Chaplaincy. I take great delight and interest in thus promoting the circulation of the sacred scriptures in this quarter of the world. During the two years

ending June 1, 1848, sold and gave away, as follows :—

English Bibles,	273	English Testaments,	228
French "	159	French "	10
German "	125	German "	46
Spanish "	6	Spanish "	6
Welsh "	6	Welsh "	0
Swedish "	10	Swedish "	5
Danish "	10	Danish "	0
Dutch "	1	Dutch "	1
Portuguese "	0	Portuguese "	267
Total, -	590		562

A large proportion of these bibles and testaments were scattered abroad among seamen. It is a cheering fact, that among foreigners in the Islands there is a growing desire to possess the word of God. I have sold not a few handsome copies of the sacred scriptures to foreign residents. It is, of course, beyond the power of human wisdom or foresight to predict the final effect which so many copies of the blessed Word are to produce. I have good reason to believe, that very many of them will find their way to families which are now destitute. Many a Catholic family in the Western Islands, will come into the possession of a Portuguese testament, which I have given to a sailor, a native of those Islands. Very many said, upon their obtaining a new testament in their own language, that they should carry it home.

Frequently I have had Portuguese seamen come the second time for a testament, inasmuch as they had left their first copy among their friends. I have recently received a good supply of the entire Word, in that language. I am confident that they will all, very soon, be disposed of, and I shall call for more. Often have I heard Portuguese seamen assert, that never previously have they met with a bible or testament in their language. This fact may be readily credited, for Borrow, author of the "Bible in Spain," describes the Portuguese as most lamentably ignorant of the bible. "I have questioned the lower class of children of Portugal" he remarks, "about the Scriptures—the Bible—the Old and New Testaments, and in no one instance have they known

what I was alluding to, or could return me a rational answer, though on all other matters, were sensible enough."

VI.—RELIGIOUS BOOKS, TRACTS, ETC.

The incumbent of this Chaplaincy occupies a field of usefulness wide as the world. I have never found the slightest hindrance to my distributing any amount of religious reading among seamen. I rarely go along the streets, about the wharves, on ship-board, or visit the hospitals, and prison, without being able to scatter abroad more or less of good religious reading. Yesterday afternoon, I thought the sailors on board the United States sloop "Preble," just arrived in port, would be glad to obtain some reading. It was the Sabbath, and not having an afternoon's service, I determined to visit the man-of-war as a colporteur. I had never been on board the vessel, she having been in port less than 24 hours. Expecting to find all strangers, I hardly knew what reception I should meet with. I made known my errand to the officer in command of the deck, who reported the same to Mr. Ward, the first lieutenant. He afforded me every facility I could wish, to carry out my plan. The men were all called aft, and I distributed among them a goodly amount of reading-matter, including "Sabbath Manuals," "Temperance Manuals," "Baxter's Calls," tracts on "Profane Swearing," the "Sabbath," "Temperance," &c., &c., besides several files of the "Friend" and other papers. I have since learned that my visit was well received by the men, and I doubt not that many of them spent the Sabbath afternoon far differently from what they would have done, if I had not gone on board. Two English vessels of war had just left port, and I supplied the seamen of both with useful reading. It is a privilege, indeed, to be favored with so frequent and so advantageous opportunities for scattering the "leaves of the tree of life."

I often wish some of the good

friends of the Bible, and Tract Societies, in the United States and England, could look around over the earth—the land and ocean, and witness the good those institutions are accomplishing. For me to report that these Societies were doing no good, would be for me to belie the testimony of my eyes and ears. I may say, *I know* they are doing good. I am resolved to distribute more and more liberally of their publications.

If there is any one thing that I feel the need of, it is the “gift of tongues,” if not of all the languages and dialects of the sons of men, at least of the French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Swedish, Danish, and Polynesian. Only yesterday, the master of a Manilla brig called for a Spanish bible and tracts. I never felt a stronger desire to speak in a foreign language, than I did in the Spanish. The man was a Catholic; I learned also, that he had children, and it was for them that he wanted religious books. It was no good, he said, to keep the bible away from the people. I expressed the opinion that perhaps the “Padre” might get his bible away from him. He gave me to understand that he should take good care of that. His entire crew have called for Spanish tracts and copies of the bible. I have noticed that foreigners want to obtain the entire bible, old as well as new testaments. This is particularly true of the Portuguese.

But I find that I am protracting my remarks to an unseasonable length, although I have not more than half finished the topics upon which I had designed to comment. With the remainder, I will endeavor to be more brief.

VII.—HOSPITALS FOR SEAMEN.

Of these there are two, one American, the other English. The American is in the village. The number of inmates ranges from 20 to 50, who are principally discharged from whalships. It is under most excellent management. The physician is a man of experience

and ability. The superintendent discharges his duties conscientiously and faithfully. The establishment is kept neat and clean. It is a great improvement upon years past, judging from the reports of my predecessor, Mr. Diell. Formerly the hospital was an appendage to some miserable grog-shop! This was true of the English hospital, when I came to Honolulu, but the British Consul General has wrought an entire revolution in the establishment. He has leased a beautiful cluster of dwellings, about one mile out of town, at the mouth of a charming valley. He has styled the neat establishment, “Little Greenwich.” It is kept in perfect order. The inmates are not allowed to carry “spirits” upon the premises. It is a rule that they shall attend the Chapel once on the Sabbath. When English or American sailors are sick, they may be thankful, if cast ashore at the Sandwich Islands. I am satisfied, that the desirable reformations in our hospital has, in part, been brought about by the healthy tone of public sentiment. I make it my practice to visit each hospital at least once each week. No obstructions whatever to my freely conversing with each inmate, if I choose. These institutions are favorable places for doing good.

VIII.—SABBATH SCHOOL.

Our Bethel Sabbath School averages about 50 scholars, and 9 or 10 teachers. I endeavor to act the part of a superintendent. We meet after the Sabbath morning service.

IX.—READING ROOM FOR SEAMEN.

Our new room is much more frequented by seamen than the old one was; I endeavor to keep it well supplied with a good selection of publications, besides our Island papers.

X.—THE FORT, OR COMMON PRISON.

It is no uncommon thing for seamen to find their way thither. This is true of deserters and mutinous seamen. I usually visit this place

every Sabbath morning, and supply them with useful reading. Sometimes I find very well disposed and good men. I endeavor to get them shipped out as soon as possible.

XI.—CORRESPONDENCE.

I have supposed that my usefulness as a Chaplain would be increased, by carrying forward a somewhat extensive correspondence with the friends of the seamen's cause, and with seamen themselves. I encourage seamen to write me, fully and freely. I have filed away many interesting and valuable letters which I have received from them. In future I intend to communicate extracts, and copies of their letters, for the readers of the Sailor's Magazine. A few days since I received a "prodigal's letter," dated on board one of our national vessels cruising upon the Mexican coast; he expresses the deepest sorrow and contrition. He is a clergyman's son, belonging to one of the southern states; I am well acquainted with him, and cannot but hope, that he may yet become a minister of the everlasting Gospel. He is a young man of good talents, and should he continue onward in the right way, may accomplish much good in his Master's service.

XII.—TEMPERANCE.

I can see that this cause is gaining ground, from year to year. It is becoming more and more unpopular to drink even wine. When I look back five or six years, it encourages me to advocate the cause with increased vigor and zeal. *It is an uncommon thing to see sailors intoxicated, in the streets of Honolulu.* It is no time to relax effort, or lie upon our oars; we have to deal with a wily foe.

XIII.—THE SABBATH.

No one can visit our town, but be struck with the quiet that reigns during the hours of God's holy day. Grogshops are closed from 10 o'clock, Saturday evening, until

sunrise, Monday morning. The police is rigid upon this subject. All bowling alleys, and other places of amusement, are also closed. If people do not visit the house of God, they quietly remain at home.

It was pleasant last Sabbath morning, (July 16,) to see in the Chapel, the officers of the "Preble," inasmuch as the vessel anchored in the inner harbor on that morning. Commodore Geisenger, who is a passenger on his way to the China station, expressed to me the unfeigned pleasure he experienced on arriving in port, to find every thing so orderly and quiet. It has a most happy influence, to see naval officers respect the Sabbath, and attend church.

On the South American and Mexican coast, you know the holy Sabbath is the principal day for amusement, dancing, frolicking, bull-fighting, &c. Vessels of war more commonly fire salutes on that day than any other, but I am happy to report, that seldom is the quiet of our Sabbaths disturbed by the firing of salutes.

XIV.—BENEVOLENCE.

Although I do not present the various causes of benevolence before my people, in the systematic order of some pastors in the United States, yet it is pleasant to witness a benevolent spirit among residents and seamen. I may truly say that no call is made, to which there is not some response! Sometimes a generous one. Last fall a physician's family left Honolulu in somewhat straitened circumstances. A subscription was started, and more than \$1,000 was immediately raised. In several instances, I am knowing to masters of ships, who have been left sick, or were otherwise unfortunate, receiving from \$3 to \$500. Acknowledgments in the Friend show that I should otherwise be utterly unable to carry forward my operations, without making heavy drafts upon the treasury of the American Seamen's Friend Society.

Perhaps I may be too sanguine in regard to the beneficial results attending the operations of this Chaplaincy. It is, however, as I think, a good work, an encouraging work, and a work that I doubt not will result in much good to the Church of Christ, in our fallen world. The friends of the seamen's cause in the United States have no occasion to regret the establishment and maintenance of this Chaplaincy. Would that I was able more satisfactorily to carry out their benevolent plans in regard to the seamen's cause. I am convinced that now is the time to cast "bread upon the waters," for it will be "found after many days." If not in time, yet in eternity. I feel that the seed is God's, and that the field is His also, and if I am a faithful sower, a bountiful harvest will ere long be gathered in the garner above.

Yours, truly,
SAMUEL C. DAMON,
Seamen's Chaplain.

Not Weary in Well Doing.

REPORT OF OUR SWEDISH SAILOR MISSIONARY, GOTTENBERG.

We bespeak for it an attentive perusal by laymen, as it furnishes a fine illustration of the good which one of their number can do, when enlightened and prompted by the Spirit of God. F. O. N. does not assume the office of a preacher; all he claims to be is, a sailor saved by grace, and an "unworthy brother in Christ."

I will here give an extract from my Diary, in my own simple manner; and I beg to be pardoned, that it perhaps is not so interesting as the honored Society could have reason to expect. But I know you will not despise the day of small and feeble things. Every good and perfect gift cometh from above, from the Father of light. Nothing good, real good, cometh from man; therefore, all glory and praise to God alone.

July 21.—Feel very weak in body, but a great desire to be among the seamen, to tell them of the goodness of God, and of the great necessity of preparing to meet him. Been out now and then, this and last week, on board the ships; hope the Lord will strengthen me; but what is my labor, if the Lord does not send me? If the Lord does not speak with his Holy Spirit, to the heart of the sinner, all our preaching will avail nothing. Hope I am praying the Lord to bless me, and make me a blessing; if it be his holy will to employ me in his holy cause.

July 29.—Yesterday was my 39th birthday. Kept the day in solemn prayer, and searching my own heart before the Lord.

This week past, I have been out among the seamen, sold several bibles, and distributed tracts. Met with a pious Norwegian captain, who bought six bibles, and as many new testaments, to carry home for distribution among poor people, that love the word of God.

August 7.—The past week I have also been out on board of the vessels in the stream, every day. Sold several bibles and testaments to seamen.

August 18.—The past week there has been a great fair in the town, in which I have had an opportunity of spreading the bible far and wide, into different parts of the land. This day, I humbled myself before the Lord, and sought him, by fasting and prayer, for more grace, more love to God, and the souls of my fellow men, and for greater zeal in his holy cause.

We are four persons, myself, wife, and two Christians more, who have agreed to meet every morning at five o'clock, in my house, to pray for an outpouring of the Spirit of God upon our own hearts, and upon sinners around us. Oh, that the Lord would revive his work in this land and city. Amen.

HOW TO GET ALONG IN THE WORLD.

August 24.—This morning, after

our little prayer meeting, went out on board the vessels. On board of a brig, the first one I visited to-day, the crew appeared to be decent young men. When I offered them my bibles, a fine looking young man answered, "we have no time to read the bible; in our spare time, we need to read our navigation books, and study how to get along in the world." I told him that I was glad to find a young sailor willing to strive to get forward in the world, but that it would not profit him, even if he gained the whole world, if at the hour of death, he could not reach the port of Heaven. We ought by all means, to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things needful will be granted us. I spoke with them awhile, exhorting them to flee to Christ. I gave them tracts, which they thankfully received. On board of a brig, the mate appeared to be favorably disposed to religion. He had lately come from New York, and told me he had visited Mr. Hedstrom, and attended his preaching, and got a new testament of him.

On board of a ship bound to Antwerp, one of the men bought a new testament. One of the men railed at religion; I told him very kindly about his improper conduct, and endeavored to point out the danger he was exposed to, and even showed him from the word of God, what would become of him, if he was to die in such a state of mind; but that Christ was ready to receive him, and pardon all his sins, if he would repent of his sins, and flee to him for pardon; then he would enjoy far greater pleasure than he ever could in his present state of mind. He was silenced, but did not appear to be moved; but another man appeared to be touched by the truth, and thanked me for what I had said.

August 25.—To-day, been at the Navy Yard; sold several new testaments to the soldiers, who literally received the Word with gladness. On board of a coasting vessel, met with a pious captain, and

had a long and edifying conversation with him.

August 28.—Yesterday being Sunday, at 5 o'clock in the morning we had our usual prayer meeting, in which we were greatly refreshed with the grace of God. Afterwards I was out, and distributed tracts among the vessels, to seamen. On board of an American ship, lately got in, the captain is a professor of religion; from him I got a supply of English tracts, and religious newspapers. Had prayer meeting in the afternoon, at my house.

HOW THE WORD OF GOD IS SPREAD ABROAD.

August 31.—Sold several bibles and new testaments to seamen yesterday and to-day. On board of a vessel, the captain bought five bibles; and on board of another, the mate bought five testaments, to take with them for distribution in other places. Thus the word of God is spread abroad, blessed be his holy name. In another vessel, one seaman seemed to be under the influence of the grace of God.

Yesterday had a very pleasing and edifying interview with a pious merchant from M——. To-day had a long conversation with a captain of a ship, on the subject of religion. He pretended to be religious, but the poor man, he knows not the plague of his own heart. He mentioned that we could not be saved by grace only, but also by our own morality and good works. I endeavored to show him his errors from the scriptures; and hope the Lord will open his eyes, to see his own nakedness, and the need he has of the righteousness of Christ.

September 2.—Yesterday, was out on the stream, among the vessels, as usual, distributing tracts among the seamen. To-day, been at the printing office, after 1,000 copies of suitable hymns, that I caused to be printed for the use of seamen. Hope the Lord will make them a blessing to many seamen's souls. Feel somewhat weak in

body, but the Lord is the strength and salvation of my soul.

September 4.—Yesterday, (Sunday,) had a gracious time in our prayer meeting in the morning, from five to half past six o'clock. After that, went about the docks, distributing tracts among the seamen. Attended the English Chapel in the forenoon service, in company with the American and English captains. At three o'clock in the afternoon, had a prayer meeting at my house. At 5 o'clock, attended preaching in the Moravian Chapel. In the evening, conversed with a few serious persons about the concerns of our souls, at my house. Praise the Lord, oh my soul! To-day, been on board of several vessels, sold a few testaments, and distributed tracts. Left some religious books and tracts on board of a vessel bound to sea, where the captain is a pious man. Had a short dispute with a man, about the doctrine of free grace. Oh! how deep has man fallen! Oh! how blind we are about the things of God, until we are taught of God, and enlightened by his Spirit and grace. Oh, may the Lord have mercy upon us, and cause his pure gospel to be more fully and searchingly preached in our land! Amen.

To-day, I also spent about two hours with a family that are seeking the Lord. May the Lord in his mercy reveal unto them his salvation.

September 11.—I have the whole of last week been every day out, visiting the vessels; sold a considerable number of bibles and testaments among the seamen, and conversed with them about the necessity of giving their hearts to Christ. Met with a converted Norwegian sailor, and was much edified by him. Yesterday being Sunday, enjoyed great blessing to my soul.

PROGRESS OF THE LORD'S WORK IN SWEDEN.

In the afternoon, met with a young man, who, when I spoke to him about his soul, appeared to be in some considerable degree concern-

ed about his salvation. He followed me home to my house, where were a few gathered together, for prayer. The young man wept very much, and when we spoke to him about the love of Christ, he desired us to pray for him. We hope that he gave his heart to Christ.

September 17.—In our meeting this morning, (being Sunday,) felt very much refreshed by the grace of God. In the afternoon, had a very good meeting at my house; a pious seaman was with us, and took active part in our meeting. Glory to God! to hear a sailor pray is a sound that the Lord himself delights to hear.

September 22.—To-day, had opportunity to distribute tracts among the soldiers that have just come home from Denmark. They received them with thankfulness. Found a few that I hope were truly pious.

September 25.—Yesterday, (Sunday,) had a gracious waiting before the Lord in prayer, and reading his holy word. In the morning, distributed tracts as usual among the seamen. In the evening, had an opportunity of bearing testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, even before two students, that among others, came to hear unworthy me. With what motives they came, I cannot tell; but they were very civil, and polite, and I bless God for giving me grace to speak the truth in love.

Last week a dear brother in Christ, from Copenhagen, was with us, and we were greatly refreshed by his presence.

October 3.—Last week, I was out in the country, and came home this afternoon. I had opportunity to bear testimony to the love of God, in three places, where I visited pious praying people. Last Sunday in a special manner was I blessed, among a few followers of the Lord. Glory be to God! he has a seed left unto himself, even in Sweden. Oh, that this may be like the leaven, that it may grow, and the number of those that wholly believe on Christ, and walk in all the commandments of God blame-

less, may increase more and more. Amen.

The Lord be praised, I am now as well as I ever have been, both in soul and body, except I need more of the mind that was in Jesus. Oh, that I may be more humble, and more submissive to the will of God. Oh, that I could say in truth, that he is my all, and in all. Praise his holy name, he has begun a good work in me, he also will fulfil it, and no glory unto us, but unto the Lamb be praise, honor and glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Your most unworthy Brother in Christ,

F. O. NELSON.

GOTTENBERG, October 4, 1848.

P. S.—Within the past three months, sold and distributed 440 copies of bibles and new testaments among seamen, and a considerable number of religious tracts and temperance publications.

Ladies' Bethel Society,

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

We are indebted to the *Watch-tower* for the Annual Report of this most efficient auxiliary, and gladly make room for the following

EXTRACT.

With our appropriations to the American Seamen's Friend Society the past year, this Society has constituted Mrs. S. J. Pearson, Mrs. R. M. Pritchard, Mrs. M. H. Bray, and Mrs. M. J. Brown, life members of the same. When we consider the number of seamen who traverse the mighty deep, are equal to the population of New England, we feel that this cause has relations of great magnitude and immense importance, *too feebly felt indeed*; yet we believe a great change has been effected, and is still progressing, silently and efficiently. Another significantly asks, "Why are nine-tenths of our large and influential cities on the sea? Why? but that seamen may carry from places, where Philosophy rears her porch, and Religion her temples, all this,

in all its efficiency, on the wings of every wind; and that our religion, virtue and laws, may be planted wherever the seaman lands, and so encompass the globe." You know their influence is great, for good or evil, impressing *themselves* on all with whom they hold intercourse. The Report of the parent Society says: they "have done more to furnish the gospel to seamen the past year, than they even ventured to attempt for the last six years," and one well qualified to judge, writes: "there is a *great* and *good* and *glorious* work among those who go down to the sea in ships." The parent Society would be greatly assisted, if the Sailor's Magazine were more extensively taken.

But, while the friends of the cause have tried to promote its interests, we have had frequent admonition, that seamen were frail and mortal. Several of our members mourn their loved and lost, connected by all the endearing and intimate relations of life. Some, while daily expecting the homeward bound, have been called to mourn their sudden departure, *not far from home*. Some who were anxiously looking last year, have as yet, received no tidings of those dear friends, for whom love long burned her vestal flame.

"Day followed day, and wherefore fail
Tidings to cheer the heart?
Thou, mighty deep!
Home, and its many voices, wild with grief,
Demand them of thee.
Days fled ——— and stern reality
The drooping heart came slowly o'er."

One train has passed, bearing the dead to burial, who received at home the ministrations of love, and soft soothing hands, who was laid away in early spring time, "in a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." The admonition has come from the waters, wind and storm, what thou doest for seamen, "do quickly." But while those for whom we labor are transitory, and while we acknowledge God's preserving goodness to this Society, numbering three hundred and fifty nine, we mourn the departure of

three members of great worth, beloved and lamented. Mrs. Philip Coombs, Mrs. Sarah R. Stanwood, Mrs. Harriet N. Sibley. To one,

"Death did but fan his drooping wing,
To hush her weary frame to rest."

The other,

"With firm step, and wings all plumed by
faith,
And fearless quite, she passed the darksome
stream,
And entered the bright realms of endless day."

And yet another, of late a resident in another place, deeply interested in this cause, suddenly transferred to a better world. Amid these diversified changes of time and death, this great cause still lives, and it is our privilege to do something in its behalf. You, dear friends, need not *words* to stimulate to active effort. You understand it, in all its relations, the adverse influences which obstruct its progress, and the result of faithful effort. You cheerful co-operation, your monthly meetings, the earnest prayer, the willing feet, and active hands, and moistened eye, and feeling heart, speak a language *too plain to be misunderstood*, that this cause has a strong hold upon your affections and interest. You have given the cup of cold water, have sent forth the Chaplain, and the Bethel flag, have aimed to promote the social, moral, and spiritual improvement of seamen, without regard to country, caste, or clime. Since the organization of this Society, we have appropriated to this cause, fourteen hundred and thirty seven dollars and seventy-two cents. But we wish to do *more*. We wish our means augmented a thousand fold. We would affectionately suggest that each member procure another, thereby greatly extending our means of usefulness and each lending the inspiring influence of her presence at our meetings, which occur on the first Wednesday of every month. In this retrospective view, observing several manifest reasons why seamen need immediate and earnest efforts in their behalf, greatly encouraged by the blessings bestowed upon this

Society, and the cause in general; cultivating an expansive, intelligent and prayerful interest; bestowing upon this great cause that share of our sympathies and liberality it so justly claims; pursuing such measures as will give increased efficiency to our labors, and relying for the future on Him who has created the great highway of nations, and those who go upon it, let each member enter upon a new year, with fresh courage and interest. In the eloquent language of another, "This is one of the noblest objects of the age. It is an angel of mercy, leaving the dwellers in city and on hill to other agencies, and going over the broad bosom, and along the shores of the sounding sea, on her heavenly employment. If formerly, she went down at certain seasons, to give virtue to the waters of the pool, she has since made her home on the crest of the combing surge, or the sleeping wave of the quiet harbor."

FEELING WHAT YOU GIVE.—The Rev. Daniel Baker, in his report of a missionary tour in Texas, very pithily remarks: "Methinks one reading this report says: 'Well, I will give five dollars to the cause of domestic missions. I can give this amount and not feel it.' Suppose, my Christian brother, you give twenty, and feel it. Your Saviour felt what he did for you. A remark of this kind once heard from a pulpit, thrilled through my whole soul, and made me do more than empty my purse. I borrowed from a friend. The idea of *feeling what I gave* was delightful!"—*Presbyterian*.

THE SABBATH.—We have it from an undoubted source that more than thirty railroad companies in this country do not run their cars on the Sabbath, and that twelve of them have stopped within the past year.

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a loafer to a gentleman. "Why they are in a *weak place*," replied the latter.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Scotchmen and Scotch Music.

The following instance shows that Scotch music will make a Scotchman do anything when out of his own country :—

A gentleman who was a first rate performer of Scotch music on the violin, spent a winter in Exeter, and of course soon became acquainted with the musical dilettanti of the place. Dining one day with a professor, the conversation turned upon Scotch music, and a strong argument arose as to its bearing competition with foreign music ; the Scotchman, whom we shall for the present designate the Fiddler, insisting that, when properly played, nothing could excel it ; the Professor on the other hand insisting that it was only fit for a barn-yard.

"I'll tell you what," says the Fiddler, "I'll lay you a wager of £5 that if a party of Scotchmen can be got together I'll make them shed tears one minute, sing the next, and dance the third."

"Done," says the Professor ; "and if your music is capable of that, I will not only pay you the £5 with pleasure, but will be convinced that it is the most enlivening, pathetic, and best music in the world."

The difficulty arose as to getting an opportunity for a trial. But this was soon obviated by a third party informing them that a number of young Scotchmen dined annually at the Old London Hotel, on the anniversary of Burns' birthday.—This was a capital opportunity for

the Fiddler ; for these young men, being principally raw-boned, overgrown Scotch lads who had recently left their own country to carry tea in the neighborhood, were the very ones upon whom he was sure to make a hit.

All being now arranged, and the utmost secrecy being agreed upon, the eventful day was anxiously looked for. At length it came ; and the Fiddler and Professor by an introduction to one of the party got an invitation to the dinner. There were twelve altogether sat down ; and a right merry party they were. The Fiddler was not long in perceiving that he had got among a right musical set, and he waited patiently till they were fit for anything. At length he gave a wink to the Professor, who at once proposed that his friend should favor them with a Scotch tune on the violin.

"Capital, capital !" cried the whole party.

The violin was brought in, and all were in breathless anxiety. The Fiddler chose for his first tune "Here's a health to them that's awa," and played it in the most solemn and pathetic manner.

"That's a waefu' tune," said a great big, raw-boned youth to his next neighbor.

"It is that, Sandy. There's meikle in that tune, man. It reminds me o' ane that's gane ;" Jamie at the same time giving a deep sigh, and drawing his hand over his long, guant face to hide

the tears which were trickling down his cheeks.

The Fiddler with his keen eye soon perceived that before he got through the second part of the tune he would have them all in the same mood. He, therefore, threw his whole soul into the instrument, played the tune as he had never done before; and as the last four bars of the tune died away like a distant echo, there was not a dry cheek amongst the company. Now is the time, thought the Fiddler; and without stopping a moment, struck up, in a bold, vigorous style, "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut." Out went the handkerchiefs, away went the tears.

"Chorus!" cried the Fiddler; and in an instant all struck up.

"For we are nae fou', we're na that fou',
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
But aye we'll taste the barely bree!"

The song ended, up struck the Fiddler in his best style, the reel of "Jenny dang the Weaver."

"Hey, ye hearties!" cried Sandy.

"Scotland forever!" cried Jamie; and in an instant tables, chairs and glasses were scattered in all directions and the whole party dancing and jumping about like madmen.

Out ran the affrighted Professor, (for he did not know what might come next,) up came the landlady with her terrified train of inmates. But none durst enter the room, the hurras and thumps on the floor being so boisterous; and it was only upon the entry of a Scotch traveller, who had just arrived, and who cried to the Fiddler for any sake to stop, that order was restored.

It is needless to say that the Professor paid his bet cheerfully, and was fully convinced of the effect of Scotch music when properly played; and that the landlady took care that the Fiddler never came into her house again on Burns' anniversary dinner.—*Eng. Paper.*

THERE'S THE RUB.—What a pleasant thing brandy and water would be, if there was no to-morrow morning in it!—*Punch.*

For the Sailor's Magazine.

The Power of Song.

BY REV. E. E. ADAMS, HAVRE.

The Bard of early ages was, in the eyes of the multitude, clothed with the awful mission of a Prophet. They listened to his numbers as to messages from heaven.—Poetry was inseparable from superstition. Her accents, "heard in terrible distinctness, amid the forests and sacred groves of the Gods," awakened wonder, and filled the soul with dread. The Prophets of the Old Testament spake their words of comfort and of rebuke, in the language and the measures of poetry. Their enchanting powers as bards were made the media of a nobler inspiration, and the genius that rode on the high places of creation became the living utterance of "the deep things of God." The idolatrous nations, also, had their Prophet-Bards, than whom none could be more powerful in the defence of merciless superstitions. When, however, the time arrived for the Bard to go forth to the battle-field, to weave the silver thread of song into the laurels of conquerors; when private munificence, and royal bounty, in still later periods, pensioned the Poet to sing amid the decorations of a villa drawing-room, and in the more stately adornings of the palace, the wonder and fear of the multitude began to pass into admiration; but when the Poet began, at length, to eulogize humble exploits, and gather from the private virtues, and from domestic life, the subjects of his songs, he was hailed with all the warmth of a fond affection, and at this day, though a leader of the fancy and the heart, he is a brother, because the halo that shines around him has hues of earth, yet gathers its sweetest colors from the sky.

But poetry and song are often dragged from their upper air, from their high dominion over mind and heart, to become the instruments of unhallowed thought. If they sometimes kindle devotion in the sanctuary, or play around the kindly

fireside, or mingle in the gratulations of patriotism, still their empire is invaded, and some of their better treasures are borne away to the revels and the orgies of inebriates and adulterers. But their influence is not gone; it has become, perhaps, more mighty, though by perversion, destructive.

It is the well-known saying of a discerning man—"Let me make the songs of a country, and I care not who makes the laws." Those who have observed the unbounded popularity of "Yankee Doodle," "Rule Britannia," "God save the Queen," "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled," and the "Marseillaise song," will not doubt the profound political truth concealed in the above proverb. Who has not felt the omnipotence of "Home, sweet home?" Never yet did I meet the man, however hardened, who was not ready, with enthusiasm, to respond to the feeling, if not able to join in the music of that embalmed song. Its notes have been tuned in the stage-coach, along the mountain way, in the rough foot-path, over which wayfarers plod wearily, and on the deck at sea; and never did its home voice fail to gather into one the feelings of all hearts.

I would say, let me make songs for a man, and I care not who makes sermons for him. And if the influence of song be so great on other minds, it cannot be otherwise upon the sailor. No one is more habituated to song than he. And, unhappily, we must add, no one whose songs are less in harmony with the refinement of taste, the tenderness of true affection, and the grandeur of high-toned morality. They are chanted at sea, that the heavy hours may pass more lightly, and on shore, that metre and rhyme may give order and ease to labor. They are sung at night in the dram-shop and brothel, of which, during the day, they are the polluting reminiscences. Thus, "from night till morn, from morn till dewy eve," the images of impurity are in his fancies. So long as these men are unregenerate, it is perhaps impos-

sible to liberate them from a bondage so enchanting, yet so terrible. And it is certain, that, so long as they maintain in concert every day in all their labors and recreations, this habit, their prospects for the song of eternity are doubtful. Let them sing indeed, in their heavy labors; but oh, that they would learn a purer melody; that they could feel a sympathy for the poetry of truth and love; that they would sing the songs of Zion! Would that we might allure them to the fountain of a purer literature. That they might break from their low and corrupting associations, from those habits which, although *apparently* the least in the catalogue of evils, are, nevertheless, the unobserved nurses by which some of their *greatest* are matured.

Incidents of a Voyage from Wiscasset to Boston.

The sloop Wave, Captain McFadden, sailed from Wiscasset, Me., for Boston, on Thursday evening. On board the vessel were Captain McFadden, James Winslow, and a man named Porter.

Winslow acted as mate; but Porter was thoroughly "green;" he probably never stepped on board a vessel before. Yesterday morning, about 6 o'clock, when 27 miles north-east of Cape Ann, Winslow fell overboard. Captain McFadden immediately lowered his peak, brought the vessel up to the wind, and directing Porter to take the helm, he cut away the boat and jumped into it, for the purpose of saving the drowning man. Winslow struggled manfully for some time, but just as the boat came up to him, the poor fellow went down, never more to see life in this world. He was 22 years old, a young man of excellent character, and leaves many friends and relatives in Wiscasset to mourn his loss. Captain McFadden finding that he could not rescue the young man, was on the point of returning to his sloop, when he discovered her bearing off before the wind, and going at such a rate that all hope of reaching her

vanished. Captain McFadden was certainly in a very perilous situation. He was more than twenty-five miles from land, in a small open boat, and a high sea running. But there was little time for reflection; he therefore shaped his course for Cape Ann, and after six hours hard "sculling," he reached Rockport. Occasionally, the sea would break over him, and he would be forced to leave his oar to bail out his frail craft. From Rockport he went to Gloucester, where he took the cars for this city. As may be supposed, Captain McFadden was in no very cheerful mood. He was deeply affected by the death of Winslow; he concluded, of course, that his vessel (in which he had invested all his property,) was wrecked on some of the neighboring beaches; and he feared for the fate of "greeny." On board the cars he detailed his troubles very feelingly, and exhibited his hands, blistered as they were, by six hours continued sculling. On crossing the harbor in the ferry boat, he perceived a familiar "sail" driving up the harbor. Could it be the Wave? The "peak" was lowered, just as he left it. He looked again. It was the Wave. As soon as he reached the wharf, he jumped into the boat, and proceeded to meet his craft. Fortunately for his vessel that he did so—for in five minutes more she would have been "slap" into some of the wharves. Porter gave a thrilling description of his adventure. It seems that when the Captain left, the Wave "fell off" from the wind, and Porter was not seaman enough to bring her again to the wind. As he expressed himself, he was in a "peck of trouble." After experimenting awhile on the stick, he finally mastered the craft, and getting in the wake of a lumberman, he followed her into the harbor. The Captain could scarcely believe his eyes when he found himself once more safe in his vessel, for he knew that Porter was straight from the woods of Maine, and with such a navigator, he had given his vessel up as lost. By the

time the vessel was safely at anchor, Mr. Porter had become quite "salt," and when the newsman boarded her, he gave the name of "Mr. Porter" as the skipper.—*Boston Bee*, March 3.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Orono,

A Missionary, was sent many years since among the Penobscot tribe of Indians, where he became acquainted with *Orono*, the venerable chief of that tribe. On a certain time the Missionary in a pleasant and familiar manner, asked *Orono* in what language he prayed.

Orono made no reply, but assumed a grave aspect. The Missionary repeated his question; but *Orono*, without uttering a single word, looked still more grave. After a little interval, the Missionary clapped *Orono* on his shoulders and said, come, *Orono*, come, tell me in what language you say your prayers, Indian, French, or Latin. He knew the French and Latin to be understood by the tribe, from their intercourse with the French Canadian Priests. *Orono*, with a solemnity of countenance, *lifted up his hands and his eyes toward heaven and said*, "No matter, Great Spirit know all languages."

Orono departed this life on the 5th of February, 1801, at the age of 113. He was greatly endeared to his tribe, and spent his life in cultivating the principles of peace and morality.

The great Penobscot rolls its current on,
And mourns in silence the forest son,
Who, a century, was the object of its care;
Feeding and clothing him with its fish and fur:
For now, alas! its shores are scanned in vain,
To find another *Orono* in man.
Whiter Indians there we often see,
But none so virtuous or humane as he!

ANDREW BENNER.

Union, Maine, February, 1849.

Floating Bethel at Gibraltar.

A vessel has been fitted up in Gibraltar harbor, and opened for divine worship. Services every Sunday, expressly for seamen.

A REASONABLE PRAYER.—Josiah Winslow was one of the early Governors of the Massachusetts Colony. It is said that at his funeral Rev. Mr. Whitherell, of Scituate, prayed that "the Governor's son might be made half equal to his father." Rev. Dr. Gad Hitchcock observed afterward, "that the prayer was so very reasonable, it might be hoped that God would grant it; but he did not."—*N. Y. Observer.*

NOTICES TO MARINERS.

Caution to Mariners in the Mediterranean.—The following extract from a letter from Vice Admiral Sir William Parker, dated Naples, Dec. 9, 1848, and addressed to the secretary at Lloyds, is worthy the attention of captains of vessels entering or leaving the Mediterranean: "I entirely agree in your recommendation, that the masters of merchant vessels should be directed to give the Cape Tres Forcas a wide berth, and accord with you in thinking that without the employment of a large force, the attempt to destroy the launches and boats on the Riff Coast would not be accomplished except at the expense of a considerable loss of life, and that the boats, &c. so destroyed would soon be replaced by the pirates."

Monkstone Beacon, Bristol Channel.

—The Standing Beacon on the Monkstone Rock, in the Bristol Channel, having been struck down, a Buoy, colored green, has been placed near to the said rock, and will be continued until the Beacon shall have been reinstated. The Buoy above mentioned is similar to, and lies in the same position as that which marked this danger before the erection of the Standing Beacon, that is to say, in three fathoms at low water Spring tides, half a cable's length to the westward of the rock, with the south extreme of Barry Island, on with the main land inside Sully Island, bearing by compass W. by N. Uphill Church Tower, its apparent length opens eastward of Brean Down S. by E. Phantom Light Tower S. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.

The Liverpool Pilots.—Notice has been posted at the Custom-house, that the Green and White distinguishing Light,

hitherto in use on board the Liverpool boats, at the mouth of the Mersey, has been discontinued; a bright White Light, and at intervals of fifteen minutes, a Flash Light, having been substituted in lieu thereof.

The Collector of the District of St. Augustine, Flor., under date of 29th ult., gives notice, that "the Light-house situated at Cape Canaveral, will be lit up for the first time, on the 1st day of March, 1849, and is a Revolving Light."

The Savannah Republican of 31st ult. says—"The Beacon on the Oyster Beds was lighted for the first time last night. That on Cockspur, which will complete the lighting of the river, will be ready in some two weeks."

DISASTERS.

Barque *Parthian*, from Liverpool for Rio Janeiro, was wrecked nine miles E. of Ponta Negro, night 18th of October.

Schr. *Tuscarora*, Foster, from Washington, N. C. for this port, went ashore north of Cape Look Out, and it is expected will be lost.

Brig *Sturdy Oak* went ashore on west side of Turk's Island and became a total loss.

Br. barque *Compton*, Houghton, from Dalhousie, Canada, for Cardiff, was fallen in with Dec. 27th, the vessel a wreck, and the persons on board in a starving condition, having lost all their provisions and water in a gale about a week previous. Four boys had been washed overboard, the cook was dead on deck, and the captain, mate, and twelve men, when taken off by Br. ship *Coreo*, at New Orleans, had had nothing to eat or drink for five days.

Barque *Pioneer*, from Bristol, Eng. 16th Dec. last, for New Orleans, after being out a few days encountered a very severe gale, which lasted for some time. She was finally abandoned in a sinking condition.

Ship *Cincinnati*, of and for Baltimore for Dublin, in a heavy gale 30th and 31st Dec. and on the 4th Jan. being to the leeward of Fayal, the ship fast settling in the water, was abandoned.

Brig Harbinger at this port from Fayal, reports: On the passage out, Dec. 8th, boarded the wreck of brig *Merrimac*, of Newburyport. She was a good vessel, no water in her, totally dismasted. Dec. 10th, the brig *Helen*, of Mattapoisett, went ashore in a gale from the south, and soon became a total wreck.

Br. barque *Lady Caroline*, Norton, at this port from Shields, Eng. Dec. 10th, in a gale from W. S. W. to E. sprung a leak, and had to heave overboard 60 or 70 tons of coal.

Brig *Mary Frances*, of Hampden, passed 14th of Jan. dismasted and abandoned, sailed from Frankfort, Dec. 14th, for Windward Islands, and nothing is known of the fate of her crew.

Ship *Angelique*, Edwards, at this port from Amsterdam, reports: Jan. 26th fell in with the wreck of the schr. *Lamarine*, of Belfast, abandoned.

Fayal, Jan. 27th.

The *Mary & Frances*, of Maine, bound to St. Thomas, was fallen in with, water-logged, and the crew taken off by the *Peru*, Harris, arrived here.

Brig *Arabella* went ashore on Co. Ba, Cadez, night Jan. 29th, from Boston for Matanzas, and will be a total loss.

Cuxhaven, Jan. 26th.

The *Argonaut*, Wulff, from New York to Bremen, was totally lost on the Sand Reef, off Heligoland, on the 21st inst.

Brig *Caroline E. Platt*, hence for Chagres, was lost among the breakers in Chagres river, on the 13th of Jan.

Maderia, Jan. 10.

The *Levant*, Mann, from New York, in attempting to put to sea Dec. 31st, was driven upon the shore and wrecked.

Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, Jan. 12.

The *Pioneer*, Galt, from Bristol for New Orleans, foundered 3d inst.

Brig *Florence*, of Portland, from Turks Island, Jan. 17th, for New Orleans, sprung a leak, two days out, and was abandoned.

Nassau, N. P. Jan. 10.

Messrs. Josiah Macy and Sons:

Gentlemen—I am under the disagreeable necessity of informing you of the loss of the barque *Genesee*, under my command, on the Gingerbread Ground, having gone ashore about four o'clock, morning 7th inst. and bilged on the 8th.

Br. ship *Formosa*, of Liverpool, from Para for —, was fallen in with 2d Jan. abandoned.

Schr. *Ontario*, of Camden, from Camden for Norfolk, on the 4th Jan. was run into by a brig unknown. She was kept from sinking until the 4th Feb. when she was fallen in with by ship Ozark, at Portland, which took off the crew.

Boston, Feb. 19.

Ship *Jenny Lind*, from Apalachicola, went ashore yesterday 4 A.M. at Cohasset, one mile S. of the Glades House; masts gone; five feet water in her hold. Brig *Oscar*, from — for Boston, went ashore same time, on Scituate; gone to pieces.

A Chatham date of 12th Feb. states that the Br. barque *Kate Kearney* went to pieces.

Barque *Naples*, of Boston, wrecked off St. David's Head, 26th Feb.

Schr. *Mary Eliza*, M'Cumber, in endeavoring to go about, missed stays, and went ashore at Masonboro' Inlet, N. C. 6th Feb., supposed to be a total loss.

Schr. *Matilda*, of Wiscasset, full of water and abandoned, was fallen in with 17th Feb., off Nantucket Shoals.

Brig *Sarah*, of and for Portland, from Havana was totally lost near Sagua, previous to 22d of Feb.

Schr. *Eclipse*, Hadaway, of Baltimore, was driven ashore 16th Feb. during a snow storm, on Fulcher's Point, in Crotoun Sound, and was likely to become a total wreck.

Brig *Sarah*, of Portland, which sailed from Havana 14th and 15th Feb. reported for New York, went ashore on Cruz del Padre 17th Feb. and became a total loss.

Br. barque *Jane Blair*, from Norfolk for Sligo, was abandoned at sea 15th Feb.

Ship *Franklin*, Smith, from London, bound to Boston, was totally lost off Wellfleet, Cape Cod, 9 A.M. 2d March. Captain Smith, mate, and eight others perished.

Brig *Favorite*, from Halifax for New York, encountered a severe north-east gale on the 12th March. Anchored on the 18th between Pennant Harbor and Crook Cove. Slipped chains and was forced ashore by ice. Vessel will be lost.

MISSING VESSELS.

Schr. *Maria*, Dudley, of Bangor, sailed from Frankfort Dec. 26th, for Boston.

Schr. *Lochiel*, Holt, master, of Castine, sailed from Ellsworth about December the 8th for Baltimore.

Schr. *Tamerlane*, Green, master, of Deer Isle, sailed from Boston for Deer Isle, about Dec. 8th.

Schr. *Swan*, with her crew, not having been heard of since she left the Inlet, about Christmas, bound for this port.

Brig *Penelope*, Nason, of Windsor, N. S. left Sydney, C. B. previous to December 1st, for New York, with coal, and nothing has been heard of her since.

Brig *Odessa*, Dunbar, of Windsor, N. S. sailed from Richmond, Va. Dec. 17th, for St. John, N. B. and has not yet reached her destination.

Brig *Tahanto*, Miller, of Provincetown, from New York, September 7th, arrived at Madeira October 2d, sailed 8th for Zante, touched at Gibraltar 17th, and sailed same day for Zante, since which nothing has been heard of her.

Schr. *John Drew*, Stone, of and from this port, for Curacao, sailed Oct. 11th, and has not since been heard from.

Ship *Georgiana*, Higgins, sailed from Liverpool on the 8th of November last for Philadelphia, and has not since been heard of.

LOST AT SEA.

From on board brig, Nathan Hale, in December, 1843.

Captain Sweet, of schr. George Pollock, lost overboard. Steward of same died.

From ship Susan G. Owens, December 2d, a seaman.

From on board brig Dracut, Captain Small.

From schr. Meletta, Jan. 4th, 1849, a passenger.

From ship St. Nicholas, a seaman.

From ship J. Z. Porter, Jan. 30th, 1849, two seamen.

From barque John Murray, Jan. 11th, 1849, one seaman.

Killed on board barque Paulina, of Boston, one man, Dec. 24th, 1848.

From on board ship E. Z. of this port, Jan. 7th, 1849, one seaman and one man killed.

From brig Juno, Jan. 29th, Captain Bates.

From schr. Consul, Captain Davis and one man.

DEATHS.

Killed, in March last, by a whale, Capt. Jesse Luce, of Martha's Vineyard, commanding the ship William Wert.

At U. S. Hospital, April 14th, Elbridge G. Terry, a seaman discharged from American merchant ship Samoset, of Boston. He was a Swede by birth.

At U. S. Hospital, April 1st, George Grant, seaman, discharged from American whaleship Sarah Parker. He belonged to Nantucket.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1849.

Scripture Illustration.

Luke xiii. 29.—“*And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the Kingdom of God.*”

Of all nations, and from all quarters shall they come into his kingdom of grace; they shall sit down in his banqueting-house with the most endeared friendship, and thence come ultimately in his kingdom of glory. A miniature illustration of this text was witnessed on Saturday evening last, at the Sailor's Home in New York. The sailors were gathered in their usual meeting for prayer. The superintendent had read a portion of scripture, and implored God's blessing on the meeting. A hymn suited to the occasion had been sung; when a sailor from the *East*, (England,) arose and said, that he had been a great sinner, but had found a great Saviour. God had twice saved him from drowning, when he had fell overboard drunk; had mercifully heard the prayers of his pious mother, and brought him to a knowledge of the truth; so that now only two months old, he was happy in the love and service of Christ. “As soon,” said he, “as I believed in Christ, my burden fell off!”

As he sat down, a *Northern* sailor arose. He was from Sweden; and he too had something to say of Christ, and for Christ—especially of the *great love* wherewith he had loved us, and given himself for us. He was followed by a Danish sailor, who had also come from the far north to sit down in these heavenly places. Most earnestly and affectionately did he exhort his brethren of the sea, and all present, to love and serve Jesus Christ,—

“Who had sought *him* when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
And to rescue *him* from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.”

Next a French convert, feeling that although belonging to different nations, they were all one in Christ Jesus, spoke of the gold of California, warned all against its inordinate love, and exhorted them to seek the gold of pure religion.

But as apparently happy as any one present, was a Portuguese from one of the sunny isles of the *South*. He was once a Roman Catholic, in ignorance and sin. He had come to this country without a Bible, and without any well-grounded hope of eternal life. He had now the Bible, and loved it. A great spiritual change has come over him. He felt that he was now in a land of liberty, and especially of that liberty

wherewith Christ makes his people free. Most heartily did he express his thanksgivings to God for what he had enjoyed at the Sailor's Home. Another Portuguese had also come, and sat down in the same kingdom, but said nothing, though while he mused the fire burned, because he could not express himself in the English language. Two American brethren also came in to fill up the measure of a meeting, which in its national variety, and brotherly unity, and heavenly sweetness, was too striking an emblem of the general assembly in glory, to be soon forgotten. "It has been my privilege," said a person present, "to attend the seamen's prayer meeting at the Home several times, but in no meeting have I enjoyed more, than in the precious one, held this evening."

St. Thomas' Chaplaincy,

ST. THOMAS, Jan. 22, 1849.

My Dear Brother :—

Yesterday morning I held religious service on the noble ship *Niagara*, Capt. M. Smith.

The *Niagara* is an emigrant ship. She came into port in distress on Monday last.

She had been out 60 days from Liverpool, bound to New York. But having encountered dreadful weather and suffered much loss, she was obliged to run down to this port for repairing, and to replenish her stock of provisions.

Two of her men, in a gale one night, were swept overboard and perished! Four of her passengers had died! She was on her last cask of water, and all on short allowance.

Most of her passengers had exhausted their stock of provision, and were living on the legal allowance of the ship—one pound of bread to each person, a day. Her sails were badly rent, spars injured, and on the whole, she was in much distress.

She has about 300 souls on board—a few Germans and English, but most of them Irish.

Arrangements had been made for a religious service on board. She lay at Quarantine, nearly two miles from shore. The wind was high and the harbor rough; but at 9 o'clock, in company with a pious English gentleman, I came alongside in a small boat. We were kindly received by an officer on deck.

Immediately the *Bethel Flag* was run up to mast-head, and the solemn sound of the "Church-going bell," with uncommon sacredness and sweetness fell on our ear. It was the ship's bell, ringing and tolling for church.

At half past 10 o'clock a large number assembled on the poop deck, under a good awning, to engage in divine worship. Most of the ship's crew were present, and on the main deck scores had gathered close to the place of service. All were quiet and apparently interested during the time of public worship.

We had distributed the Seamen's Hymn Book, both among the crew and passengers; and now all arose, and joined melodiously in a hymn of praise to God. Then, all bowed in prayer. While reading the Scriptures, most arose and remained on their feet.

To me, the occasion was one of more than ordinary interest. The sight was solemn and deeply affecting! And the circumstances of their long and perilous passage—the deaths that had occurred among them—and their voyage, not yet completed, tended greatly to enhance the interest.

My text was Psalms lxi. 2.—"When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I." All seemed much interested in the Word, and many were in tears from the moment service commenced.

At the conclusion, I offered religious tracts and papers, with any other service in my power to render them. And never did I see

persons so eager for bread, as these were for the tracts and papers offered—both sailors and passengers pressed forward, fearing that none would be left for them. But I had anticipated their wants, and furnished myself accordingly. Many who did not come up on deck to service, but listened below, now came and begged for a tract.

After all were supplied, O, it was truly a pleasant sight, to behold several little social and domestic groups, all over the ship, reading and rejoicing over the tracts and papers. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, and friends, all were engaged in reading before I left. With many I had personal conversation. Many females, both English and Irish, came with tears, giving me their hands, and saying, "O, sir, this day makes us think of home." "We had not expected such a Christian privilege on the seas." "We thank you for this religious service, and for these good tracts."

On leaving the ship, multitudes gathered around, each one pressing forward to shake hands, and express their thanks for my visit to the vessel.

May God bless them, and bring the ship into the desired haven; and sanctify the humble means used on that blessed Sabbath, for the present and eternal good of all on board.

Thus you see, a chaplain at this port is called to various relations and labors. He meets the seaman and the stranger, and may speak to each the word of life and salvation.

O, that heaven would give me strength of body, grace and wisdom in my heart, that I may cast the good seed by the side of all waters, and reap in due season, to the glory of Christ, a harvest of souls.

Pray for me, and O, ask for me an interest in the prayers of the Christian church.

I am, dear brother,

Yours, in the Lord,

Affectionately,

J. MORRIS PEASE.

Quarterly Report

FROM OUR STOCKHOLM SAILOR MISSIONARY.

The Lord has graciously and of his unbounded mercy strengthened me, raised my courage, given new life to my heart through His holy word, and within a short time, I have often perceived some brighter aspects, found some minds open for the truth, and hearts accessible for the Lord, and all this has not been a small encouragement to me.

Now I must mention something of what appeared more satisfactory during this period. In the month of August, I met a Captain of a vessel, who last year began to search the Scriptures, and obtained some knowledge of the most common truths of Christianity. I had now some conversations with him, when he evinced a great desire for light, a sincere wish to read the Holy Scriptures, which were not now permitted, as before, to remain untouched. May the Almighty give him grace to increase more and more in that knowledge which alone can make us happy.

Another Captain, who is related to me, and who appeared at first hard and cold, has become more inclined to study the word of God. After some conversations with me, he wished, if possible, always to be employed with spiritual things.—The mate of the same vessel declared, after some conversations I had with him: "Now I find clearly what I have not seen before, that the state of my mind is not right, and that I will be eternally lost if I die now." He became visibly changed, so that the crew was astonished, and wondered at the cause of it. They left this within a short time. May the Lord graciously turn his countenance towards them, and give them his peace! A sailor of the name of Goranssom had—through the word I had received grace to speak on board a vessel—been roused from his spiritual slumber, but I did not know of it till a long time after. His companions begged him not mind that madman

who goes about selling Bibles, because the case is not so dangerous as he pretends; but then he answered: "It is not only he that has convinced me of my sinfulness; the word of God and my own conscience tell me the same; I perceive clearly, that spiritually I am in a dangerous state: may God graciously look unto me." He called for me once at my lodgings, but I was from home. He sailed shortly after, but is expected back within a few months, when I hope to have the pleasure of speaking with him still more of the one thing needful.

I have also observed several others who have given heed to the truths of the word of God, allowed the Holy Spirit to open their hearts for the heavenly seed. Yes, here and there a blade appears to my dim eye, where I thought the soil was not good, and this encourages me to sow the good seed early and late, to warn, and exhort, in season and out of season, because I know not what will best succeed.


The number of Bibles and New Testaments which I have sold during the last quarter, amounts to 290 copies.

Finally, I commend myself to the favor and kindness of your honorable Society, heartily praying to God, from whom proceedeth every good and perfect gift, that He would plentifully bless and crown with success all your endeavors and sacrifices for the promotion of the Kingdom of God upon earth. May the Almighty and gracious Lord be with us now and evermore, is the wish and prayer of your Society's

Humble servant,

A. M. LJUNGBERG.

Stockholm, October 1st, 1848.

 A little child, seven years old, one day said to her mother, "Mother, I have learned to be happy, and I shall always be happy."

"My dear," said her mother, "how can this be done?" She said, "It is by not caring anything about myself, but trying to make every body else happy."

For the Sailor's Magazine.

From the Chaplain at Honolulu.

"THE SEAMEN'S AND BOATMEN'S
MANUAL."

By a late arrival, I received 200 copies of this work, but unaccompanied by any note, letter or invoice, showing by whom they were sent. I inferred that some benevolent person in the United States must have sent them for distribution among seamen. After examining the contents of the volume, I commenced scattering them abroad among seamen. Several vessels being in port, and among them a vessel of war, numerous copies were placed in the hands of seamen, as they called at my study.

By a subsequent arrival, I received a letter from an old college acquaintance, from which I make the following extract: "Father and myself have appropriated \$25 for the purchase of 100 copies of the Seamen's and Boatmen's Manual, to be forwarded to you for distribution." I would remark, the writer, Mr. G. and his respected father reside in Hadley, Massachusetts. I esteem it to be a distinguished privilege that I am so situated, as to be thus the almoner of Christian benevolence. Funds devoted to so purely a benevolent purpose, I regard as "bread cast upon the waters," which I am confident will return "after many days."

The donors may not witness in this world the good produced, but judging from what I am almost daily witnessing, I doubt not that great good will result. Would that others might hereby be encouraged to send forth "a small adventure" to speak in commercial style. Persons of small capital often unite "to get up a voyage." They commit their property to the mercy of the winds and waves. Would that in all such voyages some one might be found to put in "a small adventure" for the good of souls. It was an excellent practice of those most excellent Christian merchants, "Holmes and Homer," of Boston, to pack away in their boxes of mer-

chandize, (when they sent them into the country, or elsewhere,) tracts and religious books. They lived sufficiently long to learn that great good resulted from the practice. Now, my kind friends in Hadley have sent me a box of good books. I can assure them that I shall do my best, that every copy may go forth on a benevolent mission.

Some days since I gave a copy to a merchant in the village, once a rover upon the deep. This morning I saw him, and he told me that he had read the book with much interest. "Its truths," he said, "came home to every heart, like those of 'Doddridge's Rise and Progress,' and 'Baxter's Call.'" I regard this as a high compliment in favor of the book, worth a score of newspaper critiques.

If a plain, honest and common-sense man reads a book and passes a favorable opinion upon the same, it is good evidence that the book is worth something. As the book was new to me, I felt anxious to learn how it would strike such a mind when it had been brought under religious influence. I feel encouraged to scatter the books far and wide. Ere many months pass, I have every reason to suppose nearly all will pass out of my hands, into the hands of seamen on board nearly as many different vessels; hence these 200 copies will undoubtedly be read not merely by 200 seamen, but probably by ten times that number.

Can it be doubted whether these books will do good? If by others, certainly not by the subscriber.

SAMUEL C. DAMON,
Seamen's Chaplain.

Honolulu, August 8, 1848.

Sailor's Magazine.

MR. EDITOR:

Dear Sir:—Allow me to renew my subscription, and submit half a dozen reasons why I take the Sailor's Magazine.

1. Because more than any other periodical, it makes me feel that *man* is my brother, and disposes me to pull down all my useless sectarian fences.

2. Because more than any other, it keeps my fountains of sympathy open. Its details of sorrow go to my heart. They move me to Christian action, and thus make me a better man.

3. Because I find therein a record of more striking illustrations of the grace and mercy of God, than I find anywhere else; such as the Psalmist denominates "the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

4. Because no work is so welcomed or read by my family, or leaves a better literary or religious impression on them.

5. Because I wish to be familiar with the claims and progress of a cause most intimately connected with the world's conversion to God.

6. I take the Sailor's Magazine because in a variety of ways it pays me more than ten-fold its cost.

Yours, W. B.

Installation of Rev. Mr. Bourne.

Rev. Mr. Bourne, late of Portland, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become pastor of the "Mariners' church" in this city, and was installed on Thursday night, February 15th. The installing council called Dr. Waterbury to the chair as Moderator, and Rev. Mr. Stone was elected Scribe. The sermon was preached by Rev. Prof. Warner, of Amherst College. Rev. Mr. Blagdon gave the charge, and Rev. Mr. Rogers, the right hand of fellowship. The devotional services were conducted by the Reverend Messrs. Oviatt, Kirk and Beecher. —*Boston Recorder*.

The Rev. Mr. Bourne is cordially welcomed to a field requiring much hard labor, but which will amply repay the severest toil. At our elbow is some of the fruit of his predecessor's labors in the person of a young man just entering the ministry of the gospel. Ten years he was a sailor. A sermon preached by Mr. Lord was instrumental of leading him to consider his ways. He is now bound to the city of St.

Louis to preach Christ to the thousands who do business on the father of waters. Blessed encouragement, to preach to the sailor! for none leave the net, the ship, property, home, friends, all, to follow Christ, more readily and heartily than he. We rejoice to learn that the Holy Spirit is at the present time giving efficiency to Mr. Lord's labors on Shelter Island. May the same Spirit make the truths communicated by Mr. Bourne, a savor of life unto life.

Savannah Port Society.

EXTRACT FROM THE SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT.

Another year has dawned upon us, and the Seamen's cause is still remembered and sustained. A gracious Providence has watched over us, and though the love of many has waxed cold, yet has our treasury never been empty. When one friend has failed us, another has risen up to fill his place, and though our regular source of revenue, namely, annual subscribers, has been materially diminished by removals, death, and other providential causes, yet has the cruse failed not—neither has the barrel of meal diminished. At that period, during the past season, when our funds were at the lowest, and the hearts of many waxed faint, a providential relief was afforded us in the avails of a *Fair*, gotten up by a company of ladies friendly to the cause of Seamen, which placed in the treasury more than five hundred dollars. Our thanks have already been tendered to the liberal public that so kindly responded to the call; and to those ladies whose unceasing exertions contributed in so eminent a degree, to the bringing about a result so important to the cause, and so honorable to themselves. This fund is now exhausted, and we appeal once more to the friends of Seamen to supply the treasury for another year.

The Treasurer's annual state-

ment, herewith exhibited, will show the receipts of the Society to have been \$1011,15; the expenditures \$968,16, leaving in the treasury \$42,99. And the Society are now called upon to devise the mode whereby the Mariner's pulpit may be supplied for the coming year, and the banner of the Dove and Olive Branch still kept flying over the roof of the Seamen's Church. The Rev. Thomas Hutchins, whose ministry has been so eminently successful and acceptable among the seafaring community, visiting our port, having finished his engagement with your Board of Superintendence, has declined a re-election, and the Mariner's pulpit is now vacant. The same gentleman has, however, offered gratuitously to fill the pulpit, until otherwise supplied. The future Board of Managers look to you and to the public for means to accomplish the objects of this institution. Your Board have much pleasure in stating for the information of the Society, that for the most part, during the past season, the audiences drawn by the preacher have been respectable in point of numbers, and exceedingly attentive. During the summer months, when our port is rarely visited by ships, the house has, nevertheless, not been left vacant; a considerable number of landsmen have constantly attended, who were not frequenters of any other church.

THE MARINE CHURCH, established and brought together by the late incumbent of the Mariner's pulpit, is composed of about thirty-three members, principally Seamen; and five communion services have been held since the constitution or formation of the church.—Six residents of the city have joined this church, and cast in their lot among the Seamen. Eight baptisms, and four marriages have taken place in the church during the past year. It is recommended by this Board, that among other expedients for the supply of means to carry on the objects of this association, that a *FAIR* be held during

the month of February or March, the avails of which shall be devoted to that purpose.

Respectfully, your ob't servants,

WM. CRAETREE,

H. A. CRANE,

C. F. MILLS,

Committee of the Board of Managers.

Colored Sailor's Home, N. York.

The undersigned, keeper of the Colored Sailor's Home in the city of New York, begs leave to submit to the Christian community the following statement:

In 1839, nearly ten years ago, the condition of the 2000 colored seamen sailing out of this port was urged upon his attention. He found them subject to all the vices common among seamen, with very little motive for self respect, and less encouragement of gaining the respect of others. *Can they be elevated and saved?* was a question most seriously pondered.

Two years before the American Seamen's Friend Society had made a successful movement in the establishment of a Home for other sailors; and the same friends asked, why not also have a Home for the colored? At their instance and advice, accompanied by some pecuniary aid, the Colored Sailor's Home was opened. Notwithstanding the narrowness of its accommodations, and much pecuniary embarrassment, it has continued to be a refuge for the tempted, a protection for the virtuous, and a house of mercy for the wrecked and destitute. The whole number of boarders has been about 4,275, or an annual average of 450. Of the whole number, 560 destitute sailors, true objects of charity, have received relief in board and clothing, on an average of \$3 each, amounting to \$1,680. In the mean time many have been refused admittance for the want of *means* to assist them.

Finding it necessary either to abandon the enterprise of keeping up a Home for colored seamen, or to have a house commodious and comfortable for such a purpose, the undersigned has hired the three

story brick building at 330 Pearl st. On the 1st of May he hopes to open it under auspices of greater good to his colored brethren of the sea than ever enjoyed by them before. But in order to do it, he is compelled to make his first public appeal to the friends of the cause for aid. To procure beds and bedding and furniture, and to pay his additional rent, will sink the enterprise, unless friends voluntarily come to his relief. And this *relief* he *earnestly* asks; not on his own account, but on account of his *brethren*, who may, through the instrumentality of a well regulated home, be saved from wretchedness here and hereafter. Grateful acknowledgments are due for early and recent aid; and among the recent, \$20 worth of necessary articles from the Ladies' Bethel Society, Newburyport, Mass. The friends of the cause are respectfully referred to any of the officers of the American Seamen's Friend Society to ascertain the necessities of this case, and whether the much needed aid will be most wisely and usefully expended.

WILLIAM P. POWEL,

Keeper of Colored Sailor's Home,
330 Pearl street, New York.

April 1, 1849.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

The Sailor an object of Christian sympathy.

ALBANY, March 5th, 1849.

It has often been my lot to converse with sailors, and the more I have done, the more I have been convinced they are an abused class of men—with some exceptions, to be sure, yet those exceptions, I think, are few and far between.

The hardships they undergo, and the abuses they sometimes meet with from petty officers, together with a Sabbath-breaking influence at sea, and an intoxicating influence generally surrounding them ashore, throw them upon our sympathies and demand our prayers and our earnest and faithful action in their behalf. That sailors are no better, is to me no wonder, but that they are no worse, is most marvellous,

seeing the many currents running against them, and the determined efforts of earth and hell to oppose every action of God's people for their good.

That many, yea very many sailors do love God, cannot be questioned. In this I do rejoice and will rejoice. Some of them we sometimes have with us here in our Bethel.—Some sailors have been converted, and others comforted here. I wish, however, converted sailors were more numerous; and I think they soon would be, if all the agencies professedly employed for this purpose, were faithfully applied for the conversion of the sailor's soul. I have sometimes thought there was a spirit of rivalry not exactly Scriptural, among some of our Sectarian Bethel folks, a-trying to excel each other, not in bringing the sailor to Jesus, or bettering his condition, but in adding names to a Church record, without manifesting much anxiety about his change of heart. No one will take this as his own unless the guilty, and if none are guilty, there will be of course *none offence*.

When we consider the sailor's disadvantages,—his enemies, and with these his dangers, do we not see how necessary it is to press plain truth upon him at every opportunity?

Nothing but a *real* change will do for the sailor.

Persecution for Christ's sake on ship-board is no uncommon thing; every sailor who loves Jesus has to endure it, more or less. One instance of persecution I will relate.

Some time in October last, one Sabbath evening, after preaching, I invited, as usual, all to come forward for prayers who felt the need of a Saviour. Among others, a sailor presented himself—a man I should think about fifty years of age. He wept bitterly, and in broken accents said, he desired to find the Saviour,—had once known him, but had lost his hope and his confidence in him.

He was requested to state his

experience publicly, when he proceeded. He said, "My brethren and sisters in the Lord, I was once happy—I rejoiced in the God of my salvation. Many years I have known that God is good; his love was shed abroad in my heart, and his Spirit did bear witness with my spirit, that I was his child; but, my brethren, these feelings are gone, and now my heart is sad—what shall I do? I lost my light and my love, on my last voyage, which was from Europe to Quebec.

"When I shipped, I inquired if the Captain was a professor of religion; was answered yes; I then expected to have good times—happy meetings—but my expectations were cut off, for when I got to sea I found the Captain was a Roman Catholic, and so were some of the crew. On the passage I tried to live to God—went often as possible below to pray—was found out and persecuted by my shipmates, they even knocking me about and tearing my books, the Captain encouraging them. Thus I suffered, and was pressed as a cart beneath its sheaves, and so discouraged, almost ready to give up. I am on my way to New York to get a ship. I have come here to seek the Lord. Brethren, will you pray for me?"

The above is the substance, and I think almost word for word, of what he said. His request was, of course, readily granted—the brethren united at the throne of grace in his behalf, and on that evening he said he felt comforted—he wept tears of joy—the friends wept with him, and all I believe were thankful that God had delivered him from the great curse and cruel influence of Romanism. Some friends assisted him a little, and knowing something myself of the concern felt for sailors by the superintendent of your Sailor's Home, I directed this poor and persecuted sailor to Captain Richardson. He left us the next day, and since then other matters equally interesting have caused this to sleep with us, until a few days since, I received the following letter:—

NEW ORLEANS, February, 1849.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST:—

I am happy to inform you that I arrived at Liverpool, England, in November last, for which I am truly thankful to God, and for his goodness to me in sparing my unworthy life to this moment.

Dear friend, I return you my humble thanks for your kindness to me. I arrived safe in New York, and by your direction found Captain Richardson, and was made very welcome at the Sailor's Home—was there five days. I found the Lord to be there, and He blessed my soul in a great measure, glory to his name. Captain Richardson was very kind. If I had been his own brother he could not have done more for me than he did.—Dear brother, I return thanks to God that I left the Roman Catholic ship in Quebec. Please accept my Christian love from a once wicked Dutch sailor, but thanks to the Lamb that was slain for me, I have redemption through his blood. I found God's people in Liverpool,—was introduced to Capt. Cushing, of the Sailor's Home there,—went with him to meeting—shipped for New Orleans—had much persecution on the passage because of my Methodism; but have arrived safe, have shipped again in an American ship called the Edinburgh, bound for Liverpool and from thence to New York. And if the Lord spares me I shall call and see you.

Please give my kind love to all my brothers and sisters in Albany.

I am your affectionate

Brother in Christ,

CORNELIUS VANDERPLUS.

I would say, in closing, I have often witnessed the kindness of both Captain Richardson and his good wife to sailors, and know something of the blessed effects of the religious influences exerted at the Sailor's Home. Many date their first religious impressions there, and many their conversion. How many will not be known till

the "time of the restitution of all things." I am, with respect, yours truly,

JOHN MILES,
Chaplain of Bethel.

A Cloud of Blessings from the Sea.

We are acquainted with a ship-master who fully believes that a sea life, and a close walk with God are entirely compatible with each other; that men can serve God wherever duty calls them. Hence he dedicated his new ship, as we have known some to dedicate a new house, with solemn religious services. Hence when he ships a new crew, it is with the expectation that some, or all of them will become new creatures in Christ Jesus. Hence he calls his men, morning and evening, around him for the worship of God. He is now at sea. From a private letter addressed to his friend we take the liberty to make the following extract.

"C. kneeled this evening in prayer, and has found peace with God through Jesus Christ. God has surely made a child out of a stone. Glory to God! Hardly a word has been spoken to-day on board. Every one is still, and appears in a deep study. God is at work by his still, small voice. Oh, A., I want you here now; it seems as if I could not endure to enjoy so much alone. I want every child of God to enjoy it.

'To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth!'

"It seems to me that I feel this more than I ever did before. Rejoice with me, ye angels who stand around the throne."

Almost every night a prayer meeting is held on board; and among those hopefully converted is the second mate. This officer was once a preacher of universal salva-

tion, and now promises to become a preacher of righteousness.

We expect to hear more good tidings from that favored ship.

No good-bye for Mother!

Just as the "Elizabeth Ellen" was casting off from the wharf in New York for California, two females hurried down. The one was perhaps thirty, and the other hanging on her arm, not far from seventy. Presently their eyes were on the object of their search,—a young man carelessly balancing himself in the mizen rigging. "Why," said the young woman with a choked utterance, "John, why did you not stop to say good-bye to your old mother?" John tossed his head carelessly without leaving his position, and the old mother bowed her head and wept.

ACCOUNT OF MONEYS.

From February 15th to March 15th, 1849.

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev. J. F. Mesick, Harrisb'g, Pa., (balance) by Mrs. E. Small . \$8 50

Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Rev. O. M. Johnson, Denton, N. Y., (in part,) by Pres. Church \$16 95
 Thomas J. Boyd, Wilmington, Del., by his mother . 20 00
 Miss Anna R. Hall, N. Y., by her father . 20 00
 Alvin F. Paine, South Wellfleet, Mass., by his father . 20 00
 Deacon Albert Titcomb, by First Parish S. School, Bangor, Me. 20 00
 Henry Sheldon, by Cong'l Ch. and Soc'y, Stockbridge, Mass. . 20 00
 Rev. S. C. Henry, by First Pres. Church, Cranbury, N. J. . 25 00
 Rev. Aaron Foster, by Seam. Frd. Soc'y, Plymouth, Mass. . 20 00
 Deacon Wm. Clark, by Cong'l Ch. and Soc'y, Hinsdale, Mass. 24 00
 William B. Cooley, by Ladies in Rev J. Todd's Cong'n, Pittsfield, Mass. . 35 00
 David Campbell, Pittsfield, Mass. 35 00
 Rev. W. H. Tyler, do. do. 35 00
 Mrs. Caroline E. Tyler, Pittsfield, . 35 00

Nathaniel H. Ferris, by First Cong'l Soc'y, Greenwich, Ct., (balance) . 15 00

Deacon Saml. Burnham, by Cong'l Ch. and Soc'y, Essex, Mass. . 25 00

Donations.

From Pres. Church, Huntington, L. I. . 8 80
 Union Meeting, Goshen, N. Y. . 16 00
 Ref'd Dutch Church, Washington Place, N. Y., inc. subscriptions \$151, and \$20 for L. M. \$65 50 for Mariners' Ch., N. Y. 65 50
 Cong'l Church and Soc'y, Lenox, Mass., inc. \$18 for Magazines. 72 50
 Pres. Church, Southampton, N. Y. 17 00
 A little boy, N. Y., THREE NEW CENTS . 0 03
 Pres. Church, Florida, N. Y. . 9 00
 Meth. Epis. Church, Florida, N. Y. 4 87
 C. F., of Lansingburgh, N. Y. . 2 00
 Beth. Flag Soc'y, Catskill, N. Y. 50 00
 Ladies Seam. Frd. Soc'y, Madison, Ct. . 5 00
 Cong'l Ch. and Soc., Waitsfield, Vt. 6 00
 Amity Street Baptist Church, N. Y., in addition, \$7 62 for Mariners' Church, N. Y. . 7 62
 Cong'l Soc'y, Sheffield, Mass. . 22 05
 Pres. Church, Greenport, L. I. (in part) . 10 00
 Meth. Epis. Church, Greenport, L. I. . 3 66
 A stray quarter . 0 25
 Third Pres. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. . 18 66
 First Church, Springfield, Mass. 27 43
 E. Ingersoll, Church on the Hill. 2 50
 Long Meadow, Mass. . 10 00
 Lady, South Abington, Mass. . 2 00
 Chicopee Falls, Mass., Cong. Soc. 21 25
 Cabotville, Mass. do. 20 00
 South Church and Soc'y, Springfield, Mass. . 42 27
 Harmon Kingsbury, N. Y., 25 copies Law and Government.

\$820 80

Legacies

Late Mr. Charles Dewey, of Westfield, Mass. . 172 00

\$992 80

Sailor's Home, N. Y.

Ladies Seam. Frd. Soc'y, Concord, N. H., 30 shirts, 12 pair pillow cases, 1 quilt, 1 pair socks.

The amount of \$14 79, acknowledged in the February number, should have been, from First Congregational Society, Stonington, Ct., instead of North Stonington.